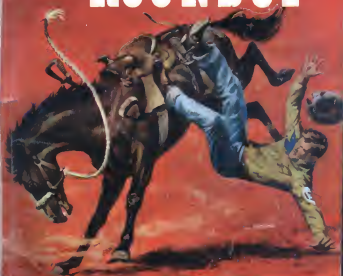


BELL

A GIANT COMIC

25c

WESTERN ROUNDUP



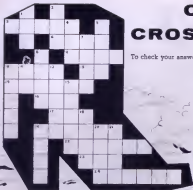
featuring:

**ROY ROGERS
DALE EVANS
RANGE RIDER**

**REX ALLEN
JOHNNY MACK BROWN
BUFFALO BILL JR.**

COWBOY CROSSWORD

To check your answers, see last page of this book.



ACROSS

3. The leader or head of an Indian tribe.
6. In gold-rush days, many miners burros instead of horses.
9. The corrosion of metal when exposed to dampness.
10. An addition to a cowboy's boot which aids him in riding.
13. Abbreviation for the word "street."
14. A rope with a noose, used to lasso horses and cows.
16. Slang name for a horse.
17. To fasten or attach one thing to another.
19. The fastest part of a horse.
22. Caught sight of, discovered.
23. An abbreviation for the word "evening."
24. An early settler on land that cattle-men claimed.

DOWN

1. A horse will usually _____ away from gophers.
2. Belonging to a cowgirl.
4. "Reach . . . the sky, owhoota!"
5. The wide, open spaces.
7. A word sometimes used to describe a cowboy's fast exit.
8. One good _____ deserves another.
10. A piece of land which has a slight incline to it.
11. A slang abbreviation for "father."
12. The Spanish word for "lasso."
15. Active or nimble.
18. "Hands up, or _____!"
19. In 1849, this caused a lot of excitement in California.
20. Not closed.
21. A tall tree, with needles instead of leaves.

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS: should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both year old and new address, enclosing if possible year old address label.

ROY ROGERS

and **TRIGGER**

THE SHADOW OF TOTEM ROCK

ROY ROGERS RIDES ACROSS HAPPY, SUN-BAKED DESERT ON HIS WAY TO SILVER CITY...



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



DID YOU SAY
**TOTEM
ROCK?**

YES! IT WAS NAMED
THAT BECAUSE IT'S
SHAPED LIKE A
TOTEM POLE!



I CAME ALL THE
WAY FROM OLD TO
FIND TOTEM ROCK! I
DON'T REALIZE
THIS WAS **IT!**

WHY IS IT SO
IMPORTANT TO
YOU, JIM?



BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED
TWENTY YEARS AGO! MY FOLKS
AND I WERE TRAVELING WEST
WITH ANOTHER WAGON...



"MY FATHER HAD BOUGHT A
SILVER CLIMB AND HE WAS
GOING WEST TO WORK THE
MINE..."

WE'LL SOON BE THERE,
MARY! ONLY ONE MORE
MIGHT ON THE ROAD, IF
ALL GOES WELL!



"THE MAN WHO WAS KIDNAPING US
RODE UP TO THE WAGON..."

WE'RE IN OUTLAW COUNTRY
NOW, KIM! SO WE'LL MAKE
CAMP EARLY AT THE POSE
OF OLD TOTEM ROCK!



WHAT DOES HE MEAN, JAMES?

OUTLAWS HAVE BEEN
ATTACKING AND ROBBING
WAGONS IN THIS TERRITORY.
MARY! BUT WE'LL BE READY
FOR THEM... IF THEY COME!

"OUR CAMP MUST HAVE
BEEN IN THIS VERY SPOT!
I CAN REMEMBER THE
HIGH PILE OF Boulders
THE GUIDE CALLED
TOTEM ROCK..."



"WHAT ARE YOU
DOING, JAMEST?"

"BURYING THE STRONGBOX...
SO IT WILL BE SAFE IN CASE
THOSE OUTLAW ROBBERS
ATTACK US!"



"THIS BOX HOLDS
ALL OUR MONEY AND
VALUABLE PAPERS...
INCLUDING THE BLUE
PRINT TO THE SILVER MINE
AND THE MAP OF
ITS LOCATION!"



"IF ANYTHING SHOULD
HAPPEN TO ME... REMEMBER,
THE BOX IS BURIED AT THE
FOOT OF TOTEM ROCK'S
SHADOW JUST BEFORE
SUNSET!"



"LATE THAT NIGHT, THE GUIDE WARNED US THAT
TORNADOES WERE COMING TOWARD US! MY
FATHER AND I ARE IN THE MANSION!"

"DON'T
MOVE,
JIM!"



"THE OUTLAWS EXPECTED TO FIND US ASLEEP. I SURE!" BUT WE SURPRISED THEM! SO IT TURNED INTO A FIERCE GUN BATTLE...



"I WAS TOO SCARED TO MOVE! THEN I FELT A SHARP PAIN! A STEADY BULLET HAD HIT ME! THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER..."



"THE NEXT MORNING, PA AND MA BUTLER FOUND THE WRECKAGE OF OUR LITTLE CAMP! THEY WERE DREAMING TO JOIN A WAGON TRAIN GOING BACK EAST..."

"MUST HAVE BEEN AN INDIAN ATTACK, PA! NOT A LIVING THING LEFT!"

"MORE'N LIKELY IT WAS A GANG OF THEIRN' OUTLAWS! INDIANS WOULD HAVE SPOILED THE WAGONS!"



"I DON'T REMEMBER MA BUTLER FINDING ME! SHE TOLD ME ABOUT IT LATER..."

"PA! I'VE FOUND A LITTLE BOY! HE'S BEEN SHOT.. BUT HE'S STILL ALIVE!"



"WE'D BETTER GET THE BOY TO A DOCTOR FAST AS WE CAN! WE'LL REPORT THE ATTACK TO THE SHERIFF!"

"HIS FOLKS ARE DEAD, PA! THE POOR CHILD'S ALL ALONE! LET'S TAKE HIM HOME TO OHIO WITH US!"







YOU'LL KNOW FOR SURE WHAT
HAPPENED TO IT, WHEN YOU
FIND THE STRONGBOX!

*THE NEXT DAY...ROY TELLS JIM'S STORY TO GR. BURNS,
THE OWNER OF THE GENERAL STORE...*



YOU WERE HERE DURING
THE BIG SILVER BOOM TWENTY
YEARS AGO, GR! DID YOU
EVER HEAR THE NAME -
JAMES KING?

NOPE! SORRY I
CAN'T HELP YOU! THOSE
WERE WILD DAYS!



I'M PLANNING
TO WORK MY
FATHER'S MINE
WHEN I
FIND IT!

I WOULDN'T COUNT ON IT,
YOUNG FELLOW! MOST OF
'EM PETERED OUT FAST!
AND THERE WERE LOTS OF
CLAM-JUMPERS AROUND!



TEND THE STORE, PIGE!
I'M GOING TO FIND THE
BOSS... TO TELL HIM
KING'S BOY IS STILL
ALIVE...AND **HERRY!**



*LATE THAT
AFTERNOON*

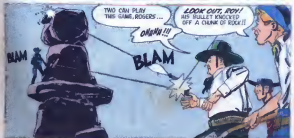
THIS **AREA** TO BE THE RIGHT PLACE
ROY! IT'S THE SAME MONTH AND
THE SAME TIME OF DAY AS IT WAS
TWENTY YEARS AGO!

THEN THE SHADOW
MUST BE IN THE SAME
PLACE! LET'S START
DIGGING,
JIM!

Suddenly...









I'LL GET HIM GIL...
IF THE ROCK DOESN'T!



OH, NO, YOU
WON'T,
WHITER!



TAKE IT EASY,
ROGERS! I CAN
EXPLAIN... IF
YOU'LL LET
ME TALK!

YOU'VE ALREADY
TALKED, GIL! I HEARD
YOU! LIFT YOUR ARMS
HIGH... BOTH OF YOU!!
GET THEIR GUNS,
JIM!



SINCE YOU WANT
THE BOX... WE'LL
LET MEADY DIS
FOR IT, GIL!
GET BUSY!!

I'LL FIX YOU FOR
THIS, ROGERS!



A LONG TIME
LATER...

THE BOX WASN'T
HERE, ROGERS!
WE CAN'T DIG UP
THE WHOLE
DESERT. WE'RE
BLAT OUT!

OHMY! SIT DOWN
...WITH YOUR ARMS
FOLDED!!



THINK HARD, JIM!
ARE YOU *SURE*
YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT
THE PLACE?

ABSOLUTELY SURE, BOY!
I REMEMBER MY FATHER
SAYING, *THE POINT OF
THE SHADOW OF
FOURAH ROCK!*



*THE POINT OF THE
SHADOW?* BUT TOTEM
ROCK DOESN'T HAVE A
POINT! IT'S FLAT ON TOP!



WHY? IT *COULD* HAVE
A POINT TWENTY YEARS
AGO...AND IT BROKE
OFF, LIKE THAT CHUNK
DID A WHILE AGO!

YOU'VE HIT IT,
BOY! THAT'S
THE ANSWER!!



KEEP GO, AND PINE
COVERED, JIM...WHILE
I LOOK AROUND!



HERE'S A BIG CHUNK OF
STONE THAT *COULD* HAVE
BROKEN OFF THE TOP, JIM!
AND IT HAS A POINT!



WHICH MEANS THAT THE
TIP OF THE SHADOW WOULD
HAVE BEEN MUCH FURTHER
OUT THIS WAY ALONG A LINE
FROM THE HOLE WE'VE
ALREADY DUG!







THE FABULOUS WIND-WAGON



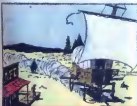
WHEN COVERED WAGGONS MOVED WESTWARD, THEY MOVED SLOWLY! THEN IN 1825, WHEN AN EX-SAILOR NAMED THOMAS CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF A WAGON POWERED BY WIND, HE QUICKLY GOT FINANCIAL BACKING FROM BUSINESSMEN WHO SAW THE POSSIBILITIES OF FAST, CHEAP FREIGHT.



YEARS OF WORK AND WAITING FINALLY PRODUCED THE FABULOUS WIND-WAGON... A STRANGE SIGHT WITH ITS MAIST FAR FORWARD AND ITS DECK TOWERING TWENTY FEET ABOVE THE GROUND!



THE DAY CAME TO SHOW WHAT THE WIND-WAGON COULD DO. THE BACKERS CLIMBED ABOARD FOR A TRIAL RUN, EXCEPT FOR ONE WHO PREFERRED THE SAFETY OF HIS SAMPLE MULE.



AS THOMAS WAS TRIUMPHANTLY SHOWING HOW THE CHART COULD SAIL INTO THE WIND, THE RIDDER STUCK. THE WAGON BEGAN TO TURN IN A WIDE CIRCLE, PANICKING ITS PASSENGERS.



WHEN THE WAGON FINALLY CEASED TO A STOP, ONLY THOMAS WAS STILL ABOARD. THE NERD INVESTORS HAD ALL "JUMPED SHIP," ENDING THE DREAM OF THE "WIND-POWERED WAGON."

BUFFALO BILL JR.

LOG JAM





SOON...

THERE'S NOBODY HERE! I'M GOING
TO HAVE TO SWIM ALL BY MYSELF!



THAT OLD BILL! HE
MAKES ME SO
NAD SOMETHING!



SEE, IT'S NICE AND COOL
UNDER HERE - AND
EVERYTHING LOOKS
SO GREEN!



BUT SUDDENLY...

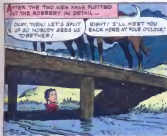
SOMEONE'S ON
THE BRIDGE!

CLOP!
CLIPPETY
CLOP!



JUST LIKE YOU SAID, ED! IT'S PERFECT!
WITH ONE OF US AT EACH END, WE'LL
HAVE 'EM SCARED! THAT STAGE DRIVER
WON'T DARE TRY ANYTHING!





LATER IN THE AFTERNOON...

IT'S ALMOST FOUR O'CLOCK! THEY SHOULD BE COMING SOON!

OH, BILL—DO YOU THINK YOUR PLAN WILL WORK? MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE LET ME GO TO TOWN FOR HELP!

NOW STOP WORRYING! WE CAN HANDLE THIS—IF YOU JUST DO YOUR PART! WE DON'T NEED ANY HELP!



NOW GO ON OVER THERE AND KEEP OUT OF SIGHT! I'LL HIDE UNDER THE BRIDGE—OKAY?

ALL RIGHT...BUT—

SOON RANK AND ED APPEAR, UNAWARE THAT THEY ARE BEING CAREFULLY WATCHED.

THE STAGE'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE! REMEMBER—AS SOON AS I STOP 'EM, YOU RISE UP AND COVER THEM FROM BEHIND!

IT'S AS EASY AS ROLLING OFF A LOG!



NOT FAR AWAY...

THE WAY THEY'RE RUNNING, WE'LL BE IN WHEATVILLE IN ANOTHER FIFTEEN MINUTES!

YEAH! SEE-YUP THERE, DARLINGS! WE'RE ALMOST HOME!









BUT THE "BRAKE" BILL HAS PUT IN
THE REAR WHEEL OF THE STAGE
WORKS WELL —





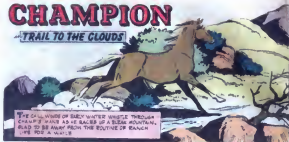


AND A LITTLE WAY DOWNSTREAM...



CHAMPION

TRAIL TO THE CLOUDS



THE CALL WHIST OF BARKY WATER WHISTLE THROUGH CHAMP'S HAIR AS HE RACED UP A STEEP MOUNTAIN, GLAD TO BE AWAY FROM THE ROUTINE OF RANCH LIFE FOR A WHILE.

BUT SUDDENLY, CHAMP FALLS OFF EDGE AS A STRANGE LOW SOUND COMES TO HIS EARS...



FOLLOWING THE SOUND, CHAMP DISCOVERS A SHEEP DOG, OBVIOUSLY INJURED...



LOOKING UP CHAMP SEES THE BRICKEN LEDGE WHICH TELLS HIM HOW THE DOG WAS KICKED. IT WAS A LONG FALL...



REALISING THAT THE DOG MAY HAVE BEEN THERE FOR SOME TIME, CHAMP SCOMES AROUND FOR SOME FOOD AND FINALLY RETURNS WITH SOME BERRIES...



FOR TWO DAYS, CHAMP KEEPS THE DOGS SUPPLIED WITH FOOD, BUT RECOVERY IS SLOW. THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, A BLINDING SNOWSTORM IS UPON THEM.



THE STEEP SLOPES, ALL NIGHT AND DAY WHILE THEY STOLE TOGETHER FOR WARMTH. FINALLY, IT IS OVER AND THEY VENTURE FORTH...



BUT THE DRIFTS BACK THE TEAM MAKING TRAVEL IMPOSSIBLE, AND LARGE SNOWSLOPES FEEL THEM ON EVERY SIDE...



FOR HOURS, CHAMP SEARCHES BUT FINDS NO SAFE WAY DOWN FROM THE LOFTY AND TERRACEROUS MOUNTAINS. THEN, AS ANOTHER SNOW BEGINS, THE TWO FRIENDS SEEK A HAVEN.



MEANWHILE, RORY AND THE RANCH HANDS ARE SEARCHING FUTILELY FOR CHAMP...



ONLY LATER, THE BOB HAS RECOVERED ENOUGH TO RUN DOWN A JACKRABBIT OR TWO...



CHAMP WATCHES WITH INTEREST, BUT HIS THOUGHTS ARE MORE CONCERNED WITH FRESH GRASS THAN RABBITS...



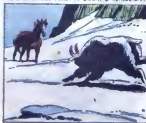
UNFORTUNATELY, THE SPARSE PATCHES OF GRASS THAT GROW AT THIS ALTITUDE HAVE BEEN COVERED WITH MANY FEET OF SNOW...



SCOUTING FOR A WIND-SWEPT AREA, CHAMP SUDDENLY COMES FACE TO FACE WITH A BAND OF MOUNTAIN GOATS...



THE BIG LEADER OF THE BAND LOWERS HIS HEAD AND CHARGES, ANGRY AT CHAMP'S INTRUSION...



BUT CHAMP REMOVS JOINTERS, LETTING THE ANGRY GOAT LUNGE BY...



ANGRY STILL AT HAVING MISSED, THE GOAT SWERVES TO VENT HIS ANGER IN THE DOG.



BUT CHAMP IS FASTER ONCE AGAIN. HIS HOOF BEATS A BEAT AS THEY SEND A LUMP OF SNOW INTO THE STARTLED GOAT'S FACE.



THE GOAT NOW CHANGES HIS MIND ABOUT THE MATTER AND LEAVES WITH A SOUND, FOLLOWED BY THE REST OF HIS BAND.



CHAMP IS THANKFUL FOR THE GOOD FORTUNE OF MEETING THE GOATS. HE HUNGRILY EATS THE REVEAING GRASS WHICH THEY HAVE UNCOVERED.



THEN HE REALIZES THAT HIS VERY SURVIVAL MAY DEPEND UPON FOLLOWING THE BAND - FOR THEY KNOW WHERE TO LOCATE GRASS AND ONLY THE SHARP HOOF COULD CUT THROUGH THE FROZEN SNOW.



FOLLOWING THE BAND'S TRAIL, CHAMP SOON EATS THEM AGAIN BUT THE DOG IS MORE INTERESTED IN FINDING GAME.



AS CHAMP GETS CLOSER, THE GOATS MOVE SURPRISINGLY UPWARD. TO THEM, HE IS A STEWARD, AND NOT TO BE TRUSTED...

BA-BA-BA...



YET AGAIN, THEY LEAVE ONLY A FEW BLADES OF GRASS FOR CHAMP TO EAT. NUMBER 13 SNARKS MOOSE ACUTELY AT HIM NOW AS HE WATCHES THE BAND DISAPPEAR OVER A SHARP RIDGE.



CHAMP HAS NO OTHER CHOICE BUT TO FOLLOW. HE STARTS UP THE RIDGE, BUT IS FORCEFULLY REMINDED THAT HE IS A HORSE AND NOT A MOUNTAIN GOAT AS HE TUMBLES BACK, UNABLE TO SURMOUNT THE GLACIATED SURFACE.



IN DESPERATION, CHAMP BEGINS TO SKIRT THE RIDGE, HOPING TO CATCH A BUMPS OF THE BAND ON THE OTHER SIDE.



AND HE DOES. THEY ARE HEADING DOWN A NARROW SLOPE WHICH LEADS BENEATH A LEDGE. BUT ON THAT LEDGE, LYING MOTIONLESS, A NEW DANGER LIES IN WAIT — A MOUNTAIN LION!



CAMP BARELY MANAGES TO KEEP A FOOTING ON THE SLIPPERY SURFACE AS HE FACES TO WASH THE SOOTS OF IMPENDING DANGER.



BUT HE IS TOO LATE. THE LION SPRINGS AT THE LAST BOAT IN LINE...



THE WEIGHT OF THE LION CARRIES THEM BOTH OVER THE EDGE OF THE SLOPE AND THEY BOTH TUMBLE DOWN OVER THE SNOW CRAMP DOESN'T HAS TIME TO LEAP IN PURSUIT...

A FLAT SECTION OF GROUND STOPS THEIR SCHWAMMED FALL AND THE HUNGRY LION RECOVERS FIRST, WHIRLING UPON THE TERRIFIED BOAT...



BUT SUDDENLY CAMP IS UPON THE LARGE CAT, GIVING HIM A SAMPLE OF THE GREAT POWER LOCKED IN HIS IRON-CLAD HOOF...



THE LION PUTS UP A BRIEF FIGHT BUT QUICKLY TURNS TAIL AND DISAPPEARS, NOT WISHING ANY MORE OF THE TERRAMER BLOOD...



CHAMP FEELS ALONE AND LOST, THINKING THAT THE GOATS HAVE GONE FOR GOOD. HE STARTS BACK TO FIND THE DOG AGAIN, BUT AS HE COMES TO AN OPEN AREA...



THE GOATS SEEM TO BE WAITING FOR HIM, THEY HAVE UNCOVERED MUCH GRASS AND GIVE CHAMP PLenty OF ROOM TO EAT, BUT THEY NO LONGER MOVE AWAY...



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MANY DAYS, CHAMP EATS HIS FILL. THEN HE NOTICES THAT THE GOATS ARE TRYING TO SHOW HIM SOMETHING...



FOLLOWING THE BAND FOR HILES, CHAMP FINALLY REALIZES WHAT IT IS! A SECTION OF MOUNTAIN AFFORDING A DOWNWARD TRAIL WITHOUT DANGER OF SNOWSLIDE OR GINERAWAY...



BUT THEN, THE DOG SHOWS UP AND THE TWO OF THEM START DOWN THE SLOPE. CHAMP LOOKS BACK ONCE AND IS GLAD THAT HE HAS MADE FRIENDS IN THE MOUNTAINS...



MANY HOURS LATER, CHAMP COMES IN SIGHT OF THE RANCH, THE DOGS FOLLOWING SOME OF THE SOWBOYS SPY HIM.



CHAMP NOW SURE SCARED ME. I THOUGHT I'D SEEN THE LAST OF YOU!

NOW HE'S GIVIN' FOR \$0 LONG IN THOSE MOUNTAINS I'LL NEVER FIGURE OUT!



DALE EVANS

LADIES' DAY

Queen of the West

DALE EVANS!
WELCOME TO
SANDGRASS! I'M SO
GLAD YOU COULD COME
AND VISIT US!

HELLO, PERRY!
I'VE BEEN WANTING
TO VISIT EVER
SINCE JOHN WAS
APPOINTED
MARSHAL!

ONE QUIET MORNING IN
SANDGRASS, PERRY
LEOPARD WAS A LIT TLE...

BY THE
WAY, WHERE
IS JOHN?

UP ON THE
ROOFS, DALE!
THERE'S A BIG
FIRE UP THERE!
THEY NEED EVERY
MAN IN TOWN
TO FIGHT IT!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
THOSE TWO?
THEY AREN'T
FIGHTING
THE FIRE!

THEY MUST BE
STRANGERS IN
TOWN! I'VE
NEVER SEEN
THEM BEFORE!

ONE OF THOSE MEN
LOOKS awfully familiar!
-- I KNOW WHO IT IS! --
TREV BUTTER!! I HEAR
HE'S JOINED HIS
BROTHER ACE'S GANG!

WHAT KIND
OF PLACE IS
THIS, ANYWAY?
THERE'S NOT A
MAN ANYWHERE!

LET'S GO IN THE
CAFE AND FIND
OUT WHY!

CAFE



MEANWHILE JOE AND PAUL WATCH PLANNING





NOW YOU'LL
JUST SIT AND
WAIT FOR HER!



I SUPPOSE THEY
THINK I DON'T SEE
THEM -- COME ON,
BUTTERMILK! LET'S
GIVE THEM A LITTLE
SURPRISE!



IF THEY'RE
WAITING FOR ME LIKE
I THINK THEY ARE,
THIS SHOULD ROUND
THEM UP NICELY!



SHE
SHOULD
BE HERE
BY NOW!

WELL!
SHE'LL SHOW
UP ANY
SECOND!



WAITING
FOR ME?
HERE I
AM!

HEY, WHAT?









ONLY GIRLS! LOOKS LIKE
THEY'RE READY TO GO TO
JAIL NOW! LET'S GO!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT
WITH ME! I COULDN'T
TAKE MUCH MORE OF
THIS! COME ON BOYS!

THE SUTTER GANG
WON'T CAUSE ANY MORE
TROUBLE NOW, DALE!
AND YOU SURE DESERVE
THE CREDIT FOR THAT!

I DIDN'T DO
IT ALONE,
PEGGY!—
EVERYBODY
HELPED!

LOOK! MORE
RIDERS COMING!
I WONDER WHO
IT IS THIS
TIME!

IT
MUST BE
JOHN AND
THE MEN.

JOHN!
DO YOU
GET THE
PIKE OUT?

YES PEGGY!—WE GOT
BACK AS SOON AS WE
COULD—WE HEARD THE
SUTTER GANG WAS IN
THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

WELL, JOHN, AS A
MATTER OF FACT, THEY
WERE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD,
AND THEY LIKED IT
SO WELL, THEY
DECIDED TO STAY!

A Western Vignette

REACH!



IT IS SAID THAT SAMUEL COLT FIRST GOT THE IDEA FOR HIS FAMOUS REVOLVER AS HE SAT WATCHING THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER BOATS BEATING UPSTREAM AGAINST THE TIDE.



COLT NOTED HOW EACH SEGMENT OF THE PADDLE WHEEL SEEMED TO "LOCK" FOR A SECOND BEFORE IT SWUNG DOWN INTO THE WATER. AND FROM THIS, HIS PLAN FOR A REVOLVING PISTOL—THE FAMOUS WESTERN "SIX-GUN"—WAS BORN.



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE COLT TO BECOME THE COWBOY'S FAVORITE WEAPON. IT WAS HIS "SHOOTIN' IRON," LEADPUSHER, AND PEACE MAKER.



OF COURSE, THERE WERE OTHER FAMOUS MAKES OF PISTOLS—BUT SOMEHOW, WHATEVER HE USED, THE COWBOY ALWAYS REFERRED TO IT AS HIS "COLT."



A COWBOY NEVER POLISHED HIS PISTOL, NOR WAS IT THE SHINING SILVER-PLATED FIREARM WE KNOW TODAY. HE PREFERRED A DULL SURFACE ON HIS GUN BECAUSE THEN THERE WAS NO DANGER OF IT GLINTING IN THE RAYS OF THE SUN.



SOMETIMES, THE COWBOY REMOVED THE TRIGGER MECHANISM AND INCREASED HIS RATE OF FIRE BY "FANNING" THE HAMMER WITH THE SIDE OF HIS HAND.



THE BORDER SHIFT—SPINNING THE GUN FROM ONE HAND TO THE OTHER, SO THAT IT CAME DOWN IN A FIRING POSITION—WAS ONE OF THE GUNFIGHTER'S MOST COLORFUL TRICKS.



IT WAS IMPORTANT, IN THE OLD WESTERN DAYS, TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN THE WORDS, GUNFIGHTER AND GUNMAN. A GUNMAN WAS ALWAYS BAD... RIFLES AND OUTLAWS WERE ALL GUNMEN.



WHILE A GUNFIGHTER WAS ALWAYS GOOD, HE WORKED ON THE SIDE OF THE LAW.



BUT GOOD OR BAD, THEY ALL CARRIED A SIX-GUN IN THEIR HOLSTER, AND EVERY MAN WAS CAREFUL NEVER TO "SLAP LEATHER" OR EVEN LET HIS HAND ROAM ANYWHERE NEAR HIS HIP, UNLESS HE INTENDED TO DRAW HIS GUN AND USE IT.

REX ALLEN

HIDDEN DANGER





THE FOLLOWING EVENING KEY HEADS FOR THE STABLE.



HE STOLE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FROM THE BANK WHERE HE USED TO WORK IN JAMESVILLE. I DON'T FIND OUT ABOUT IT TILL A FEW DAYS AFTER HE LEFT—IN A CHUCKWAGON!

ANYWAY IN MY BOOK, HE'S A CRIMINAL!

IM SURPRISED SOL LEFT! HE SAID WAS STAYING A DAY OR SO! WELL GUESS I LL HIT THE WAY! HELL PROBABLY BE BACK IN THE MORNING!

ILL STAKE OUT HERE FOR THE NIGHT, THEN! BUT IF HE'S NOT BACK BY MORNING ILL START OUT AFTER HIM AGAIN!

THE NEXT MORNING, EARLY FINDS HER BACK AT THE STABLE AGAIN..

HI CHARLIE! WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE COOK WHO PULLED IN HERE FOR A WHILE?

OH HIM? HE WAS STILL HERE LAST EVENIN' WHEN I CLOSED UP! BUT THIS MORNING HE WAS GONE AND SOME SHERIFF WAS WAITIN' AROUND—GUESS HE THOUGHT THE COOK'D BE BACK!

SHERIFF JUST LEFT—LOOKIN FOR HIM!

THANKS CHARLIE! THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!



I'D RATHER RIDE AFTER SOL ALONE, ALLEN! AFTER ALL IT'S MY JOB AND I'LL TAKE THE CHANCES!

JUST THE SAME, YOU MIGHT NEED HELP! LETS GO!

SUDDENLY, TEENT GOES FOR HIS GUN
BUT BEN IS FASTER.



AFRAID NOT! MUST
HAVE BEEN A FAST
ONE!

GUESS SO!
JUST THOUGHT
I'D SHOOT ONE
FOR A LITTLE
SNACK! GETTIN'
KIND OF
HUNGRY!



BETTER NOT TAKE THE TIME NOW
TEENT! GUN'S GETTING FURTHER
AWAY ALL THE TIME!



SOME
TIME
LATER

LOOK! THERE HE IS!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!



YOU'RE A LITTLE
TOO HASTY WITH
THAT GUN,
TEENT!











WELL, IT'S JUST THAT I FIGURED A RASSED OLD CHUCKWAGON WOULD BE THE LAST THING IN THE WORLD THAT WOULD BE ROBBED! BUT TO BE SURE, I BUILT IN A FALSE BOTTOM!

RECKON I'D BETTER SET BACK TO SEE IF TRENT'S COME TO YET! WAIT HERE! I'LL ROUND UP YOUR HORSES!



HE'S OVER THERE WITH THE REST OF THE MONEY!

WELL, YOU LEAVE IT TO ME ALLEN! I'M TAKING HIM BACK TO JAMESVILLE FOR TRIAL!



WHAT ABOUT TRENT? YOU KNEW HIM BACK IN JAMESVILLE!

THAT'S RIGHT! WE WERE GOOD FRIENDS! CAME TO THINK OF IT, HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW I WAS TRAVELLING WITH THIS MONEY! THIS SHERIFF BUSINESS IS JUST A BIG BLUFF!



GUESS YOU WERE RIGHT, AFTER ALL, TRENT! SO, DID HE HAVE THIS MONEY HIDDEN ON HIS WAGON!

SURE I WAS RIGHT! WHERE... WHERE IS HE NOW?



GUESS AGAIN, TRENT! I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO MESA SPRINGS FOR TRIAL! FOR ATTEMPTED ROBBERY...



BUT THAT'S
RIDICULOUS! I TOLD
YOU I'M SHERIFF
OF JAMESVILLE!
HOW CAN YOU TAKE
HIS WORD AGAINST
MINE?

BECAUSE I'VE
KNOWN YOU
SINCE YOU WERE
SINCE YOU
SHOWED ME
THAT BADGE
OF YOURS!



I'VE BEEN TO JAMESVILLE!
THE THREE FIVE BADGES THERE
ARE OVAL-SHAPED WITH ONLY
AN IMPRINT OF A STAR ON
THEM! NOT STAR-SHAPED LIKE
THAT ONE!

WHAT...?



WHY YOU'VE BEEN
PLAYING ME FOR
A CHUMP ALL THE
TIME!

EASY!



NOW RIDE OVER THERE
BY SOL! AS SOON AS
HE GETS YOU TIED UP
WE'RE HEADING FOR
MESA SPRINGS!



LATER

WELL I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO
PICK UP ANOTHER OLD CHUCK-
WAGON BACK IN MESA
SPRINGS, SOL. IF YOU PLAN
TO CONTINUE WEST!

NO, I'M TIRED OF
BEING A COOK. I'VE
THINK I'LL FIND AN
OLD HAYWAGON
INSTEAD AND PLAY
AT BEING A DOWN-
AND-OUT FARMER
FOR THE REST OF
THE TRIP!



THE GRIZZLY TAMERS

The small California coast town of Santa Barbara drowned in the sun that morning of 1898; it was August, and outlying ranchmen had already begun to bring their families into town for the great annual Fiesta. The bull pen at De la Guerra Plaza already held the huge grizzly bear which would be matched against needle-horned bulls for the entertainment of the crowd. Several townsmen stared at him through the rails of the six-foot enclosure.

Seated on the top rail was a man who resembled the bear in power of arm and shoulder, in the set of his shaggy head, and the curly expression of close-set eyes. His name was Latham. In the howling slums of San Francisco, men had called him "Grizzly" Latham—not only for his appearance, but also because of his savage disposition. He amused himself by teasing stoves at the chained bear, which responded savagely, fighting its rawhide collar and heavy chains to reach its tormentor.

Latham spoke to a man nearby. "Must've been a job gettin' that brute pointed up. Guess it was wounded or crippled huh?"

The man said, "No, sir! I saw them bring him in, and he was fighting all the way! Miguel Cote and his vaqueros got this one last week."

"Grizzly" Latham snorted derisively. "Aw, come on, now! Do I look that green? I've seen ropers all over Indian Territory, Texas—that would tackle anything from lion to buffalo, but nobody's crazy enough to tie onto a grizzly!"

"Well, friend," the man said, "you may think you know ropers, but if you never saw these Californos swing the long reata, you never saw roping!"

"Oh, no?" asked Latham, skeptically. "How do they go about this grizzly ropin'?"

The townsmen explained. "There's no better riders anywhere, and their horses are the best trained in the world! Two riders rope the bear's neck from opposite sides. A third gets him by one hind foot. Then they keep riding in front of him, teasing him to charge. If he gets too close to one, the others hold him off. If a reata slips, or a horse stumbles, somebody gets mauled. The bear keeps on charging, always in the direction they want him to, and finally, they bring him right into town!"

Suddenly, Latham felt a jab in the ribs which nearly knocked him into the pen. With an oath, he swung about. Coolly laring him, mounted on a superb Palomino stallion, was a slim, brown Californo.

"Smarter with you!" Latham snarled. His hand slid toward the bowie knife at his hip.

The young man spoke angrily. "Do not molest the bear! He is destined to die fighting the bulls. Why add to his misery? It is a coward's work, to tease him when he cannot fight back!"

A surge of rage swept Latham as he realized he had been jabbed in the ribs with the quirt in the Californio's hand. Nobody crossed "Grizzly" Latham's flank and deadly, he slid to the ground. His right hand drew his knife. His left grabbed for the rider's foot, to dump him out of the saddle.

But that foot planted itself on his chest and shoved. He staggered back, slamming against the bull pen. The Californio dropped lightly to the ground. His right hand held a slender, glittering blade, point up, like a rapier. In his left was the quirt, its two lashes dangling.

"Grizzly" Latham had never yet lost a duel, with knife, gun, or fist. Circling warily, he began to close in. Suddenly, he slashed with the fourteen-inch bowie. As his hand lashed out, the Californio struck with the quirt. Its thongs whistled, snapped around Latham's knife hand and jerked. Howling, Latham dropped the knife and backed against the bull pen.

The Californio caught up the bowie and slid his own blade back into his boot. He mounted the Palomino without taking his eyes from Latham, and



said, "If you wish to try for the pistol inside your shirt, go ahead!" Latham, watching the bowie poised for a throw, stood rigid. "There'll be another time!" he said.

At a light pull on the reins, the Palomino backed thirty feet, smoothly and precisely, halting when the reins slackened. The rider's arm whipped down. The thrown bowie spun and whacked solidly into the rail beside Latham's head. The big horse whirled on dancing boots and cantered down the street.

Latham, glowering after it, growled, "Who's he?"

The townsman answered, "That's Miguel Cota. He's the one who caught the grizzly."

Recovering his knife, "Grizzly" Latham began walking toward the room he had rented in a poor section of the town. Steadily, he called himself a fool. Once more, his temper had gotten him into trouble, when the last thing he wanted was to attract attention.

His thoughts went back to San Francisco, and his sudden departure from that city a week before. For months, he had been undisputed king of the muggers and strong men. Then, the Vigilance Committee took a hand. They offered him a choice . . . get out of town or hang!

Leaving hurriedly, Latham rode south. He robbed an innkeeper at Monterey and a stagecoach near San Luis Obispo. He knew that pursuit would follow him here, but he planned to be in Mexico by the time it arrived.

Here, in Santa Barbara, he only awaited a good opportunity to rob the hardware store, which would furnish cash and, more important, possession caps for his revolver. His hasty departure from San Francisco had caught him with only the loads in the gun, and he had fired them all in the two robberies. That was why he had not used the gun on the young Californio.

Miguel Cota dismounted at a little tavern where he had ordered his three vaqueros to meet him. Poco and Pablo sat under an olive tree, dipping tortillas into blistering chili sauce.

"Where is Mateo?" Cota asked.

Poco answered, "The schooner arrives two days early from Monterey.

Don Miguel. Mateo has gone to observe the arrival."

Cota said, "It is of no importance." Taking a limp tortilla, he began to eat.

Fifteen minutes later, his lunch finished, he said, "Vaqueros, I wasted the grizzly we roped—the brave one, now chained, who would have fought to the death, but could not overcome our reatas."

"For the last five Fiestas, we three and Mateo have brought in a grizzly. But the feeling has come to me lately that it is a miserable fate we deal to so gallant a foe. He must die, to make a holiday for those who would run from him like coyotes if he were free. I am of a mind to set him free!"

Pablito, half-dozing, came suddenly awake. "I, too, have regretted this, but dared not go against your wishes. Now, while the whole town runs to meet the schooner, let us go and slip his collar!"

Paco grinned, "This is a new thought for me, but I agree! It is an unworthy death for a brave fighter." He trotted behind the tavern and reappeared leading a powerful sorrel and wiry buckskin. The three mounted and cantered



towards the bull pen, loosening reatas from saddle horns.

It took but a moment. Cota's loop dropped expertly over the shaggy head. Paco achieved a difficult throw, catching the bear by both front feet. Pablito slipped over the fence and cut the lashings of its collar.

The reatas slackened. The grizzly shook itself free and charged through the gate as Pablito swung it open. Galloping down the deserted street, it disappeared into the brush.

Miguel Cota said, "Well, vaqueros, there goes a load off my conscience! Never again will I capture a grizzly to amuse the crowds!"

Coiling the sinuous reatas, they swung their horses to return to the tavern. Rounding the corner, suddenly they pulled their mounts to a halt. Out of a narrow alley ahead stepped "Grizzly" Latham, pistol in hand. He strode toward them, swinging the pistol into line with Cota's chest.

"Well! My bear-loving friend!" Latham grated. "I came to find you. Nobody takes a quirt to 'Grizzly' Latham and lives to brag about it!"

Cota watched him narrowly as he approached and said softly, in Spanish, "Another 'Grizzly' confronts us, vaqueros. Shall we take him?"

Paco, to his right, made a tiny move with his coiled reata, to attract the big man's attention. Latham's eyes shifted to him.

Cota's reata whisked through the air. Its small loop whipped over Latham's extended revolver and hand, jerked tight at the elbow, and spun him around. Paco's loop dropped over his shoulders. The gun spun into the dust. Pablito neatly noosed him around the shoulders, from the opposite side.

Cota yelled, "Corral him, vaqueros!"

The three horses whirled at a touch of reins and trotted down the street, with Latham trailing in a stumbling run at the end of three reatas. Minutes later he was in the bull pen where Cota chained him to the post.

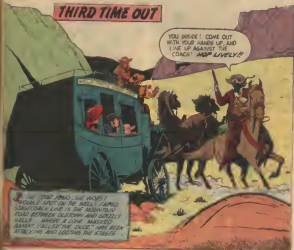
At that moment, Mateo arrived. "Patron!" he yelled at Miguel Cota, "the Monterey schooner brings news of crimes and robbery—by a San Francisco bandit called 'Grizzly'! Hurry! The mayor raises a posse!"

Miguel Cota smiled languidly. "Tell the mayor to come to the bull pen. I will then hand him his robber."

As Mateo saluted and whirled his horse, Cota winked soberly at Paco and Pablito. Unsmiling, they winked back.

DAYS OF WELLS FARGO

THIRD TIME OUT



THE THIRD TIME, THE WORST
ROAD ROBBER SPOT ON THE WELLS FARGO
STAGECOACH LINE IS THE MOUNTAIN
ROAD BETWEEN OLDTOWN AND GRIZZLY
WELLS. WHERE A LONG-MISSING
BANDIT, CALLED "DOC," HAS BEEN
ATTACKING AND LOOTING THE STAGES.

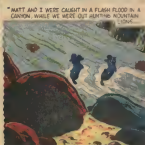
DON'T MOVE, ANY OF YOU...
AND YOU WON'T GET HURT...



...AND YOU TWO UP THERE... DROP
YOUR GUNS OVER
THE SIDE!







MATT RISKED HIS OWN LIFE
TO TURN BACK AND SAVE ME.

HOLD ON A
LITTLE LONGER,
ANDY! WE'RE
ALMOST AT THE
END OF THE
CANYON!



THANKS, MATT! I HOPE
I CAN REPAY YOU SOME
DAY FOR SAVING MY
LIFE!

MAYBE YOU CAN
WHO KNOWS WHAT
HAPPEN TO US.



AS MATT SAID, WHO KNOWS
WHAT WILL HAPPEN? BUT
STILL I CAN'T BELIEVE ANDY
EVER TURN OUTLAW!

SURE DOESN'T SOUND
THAT WAY!— WHERE
DO YOU PLAN TO
START TO RUN DOWN
THE DUE, MARSHAL?



BY RIDING THE STAGES AS A
PASSENGER! WE'LL TELL THE
DRIVER AND GUARD WHO I AM
... BUT ANYONE ELSE SHOULD
THINK I'M A MINING ENGINEER!

YOU'LL HAVE YOUR
CHANCE TOMORROW
THE NEXT STAGE IS
DUE IN HERE IN
THE MORNING!



THE NEXT MORNING, WHILE FRESH TEAMS ARE HARNESSED TO THE STAGE,
STONE INTRODUCES ANDY TO THE DRIVER, SAM, AND THE GUARD, PETE...

WE'RE ALL LOADED READY TO GO!
I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET THE BOYS WHO
ARE TAKING YOU TO GRITLY WELLS.





THE STONE PENS
Alden Cooper and friends

I WAS SURE I'D GO TO HEAR YOU WERE
JUMPIN' ALONG HIS TRIP, MARSHAL. THE
JOKE'S BEEN HITTING US AT A DIFFERENT
PLACE EVERY TIME!

WELL, I'M SURE IT'S NOT
STAGE TALK. DID THE NEW ONE
BACK FROM BRITLY WE
UNTIL WE GET THE END



WHY THE BIG SECRET ABOUT YOUR
IDENTITY? DO YOU THINK SOMEONE
IS TIPPIN' THE DUDE OFF?

THAT'S WHAT THE
COMPANY THINKS!
BUT THEY CAN'T FIND
ANY TRACE OF A
SPY!



AT THAT SAME TIME, AROUND THE
STONE PENS, A BUNCH OF
COWBOYS WERE



WHAT TOOK YOU
SO LONG, HANK?

I HAD TO FINISH MY JOB!
GOT SOME NEWS BUDD! THE
STAGE IS CARRYIN' A BIG
LOAD O' CASH AND ONLY
ONE PASSENGER... AN
UNARMED TENDERFOOT!



OOOH! GET MY HORSE
WHILE I CHANGE CLOTHES!
WE'LL MEET THEM AT THE
END OF DEATHMAN'S PASS!

MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO
PASS UP THIS ONE!
YOU'D PRESSON YOUR
-LICK- PULLIN'
ANOTHER 10
SOON!



PASS UP
CASH MONEY??
NO SENSE!!

OKAY! HAVE IT YOUR WAY!
BUT DON'T SAY I DIDN'T
WARN YOU, IF SOMETHING
GOES WRONG!

STOP WORRYING, HANK! IF
THIS HAIL'S BIG ENOUGH,
WE'LL PULL OUT FOR
MEXICO!

I SURE HOPE SO!
WE'VE STAYED TOO
LONG IN ONE PLACE
NOW!

AS THE STAGE ROLLS OUT OF DEADMAN'S PASS, THE BRIDE STAYS...

MARSHAL! IT'S
THE BRIDE! HE
WINGED SAM!

I'LL GET HIM! YOU HANG
ONTO THE HORSES, PETE!

YOU STOPPED HIM, MARSHAL!
HE'S TURNING BACK... RUNNING
FOR COVER!

BLAM!
BLAM!

AS PETE PULLS THE HORSES TO A
STOP, ANDY GRABS HIS GUN!

I'M GOING AFTER HIM PETE!





THANKS, MATT!—NOW DROP YOUR GUN AND LIFT YOUR HANDS... BOTH OF YOU!

GLUE, ANDY!— I HEARD YOU WERE A MARSHAL NOW! BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND YOU HERE!



THAT GORE DOUBLE, MATT! I COULDN'T BELIEVE YOU WERE THE BAWDY! THEY CALL THE DUDE...EVEN THOUGH THE DESCRIPTION FIT YOU LIKE A GLOVE! WHY'D YOU TURN OUTLAW?



COULDN'T MAKE A GO OF RANCHING! SO I DECIDED TO GET MY MONEY THE EASY WAY!

I'M SURE SORRY, MATT! NOW GET DOWN OFF YOUR HORSE!



YOU CAN'T TAKE ~~ME~~ IN, ANDY! WE'RE FRIENDS! REMEMBER THE OLD DAYS?

I REMEMBER! BUT THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW! YOU'RE A ROAD AGENT...AND I'M A LEWMAN!



IF WE GIVE BACK ALL THE LOOT AND GET OUT OF THE TERRITORY...WILL YOU LET US GO, ANDY?

SORRY, MATT! BUT I ~~WILL~~ DO ALL I CAN TO HELP YOU GET A LIGHTER SENTENCE... IF YOU HELP THE LAW!



SURPRISE, MATT LEAPS FROM HIS SADDLE...

YOU'LL ~~NEVER~~ TAKE ME ALIVE!— I SAVED YOUR LIFE TWICE, ANDY! BUT THE THIRD TIME'S OUT!!

**HANK JERKS HIS RIFLE FROM
HIS SADDLE SCABBARD...**

"... STOP HIM,
THAT'S TIME MUFF!"

"BE CAREFUL, YOU FOOL!
YOU MIGHT MISS HIM!"



"HOLD IT HANK!
DON'T TRY TO RUN. YOU
WON'T GET FAR!"



"I'M SORRY WE HAD TO
MEET THIS WAY MUFF!
I'LL GET YOU TO A
DOCTOR AS FAST
AS I CAN!"

"NO USE, ANDY
NEVER MADE IT!"



"YOU DID A FINE JOB, MARSHALL!
HANK'S IN jail...AND WE FOUND
ALL THE STOLEN GOLD! I'M SORRY
THE DUDE TURNED OUT TO BE
YOUR OLD FRIEND!"

"SO AM I! HE SAID I WOULDN'T
TAKE HIM ALIVE...AND I DIDN'T!
BUT I'M GLAD I'M NOT
THE ONE WHO SHOT HIM!"

WELLS FARGO

FRONTIERSMAN

JACOB VAN RENSSLER



IT IS HOT WINTER CLOSING IN ON THE UPPER MISSOURI. IN DANGER OF GETTING KESOUND, THE BLUE STEAMER HEADED FOR PORT BENTON, 130 MILES UPTHEAM, MUST TURN BACK. PRECIOUS CARGO IS UNLOADED AND TWO MEN, JACOB VAN RENSSLER AND TOM PEEL, ARE LEFT TO GUARD IT UNTIL A BULL TEAM CAN GET THROUGH TO RESCUE IT TO BENTON.



THEY PASS THE BLADE PRECIOUS SOLD THE TWO MEN WAIT AND CARRY, BUT THE BULL TEAM FAILS TO SHOW UP.



THE WEATHER BECOMES COLDER AND PARTIES OF RAISING BLACKFEET INDIANS ARE ON THE PROWL. "TOM, I'LL HAVE TO GO UP TO BENTON FOR HELP," VAN TELLS HIS PARTNER.



IN AN OVERLAND JOURNEY FOR A HORSE MAN PRESENTS UNTOLD PERILS. VAN HAS AN IDEA: "HAD SEATED, I COULD TRAVEL SAFE AND FAST ON THE RIVER."



AH OPENED BOX OF CARGO TELLS A SCYTHE BLADE, FILE, HAMMER AND GOLD CHISEL. A HOT FIRE DOES THE BEST VAN CUTS THE BLADE INTO PROPER LENGTH FOR BLUNDERS, WHICH HE FASTENS TO HIS BOOTS WITH NAILS AND BARNWIRE.



READY AT LAST, VAN HOBBERLES ONTO THE ICE AND STARTS THE LONG TRIP UPWARD. "SO LONG, TOM!" HE CALLS. "KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS TILL I GET BACK WITH HELP!"



FOLLOWING HIS ICE COURSE THROUGH MILES OF WILDERNESS, VAN SPEEDS ON TOWARD BENTON. AN EXCELLENT SLATER, HE KEEPS UP A RAPID PACE. HE WATCHES CAREFULLY FOR INDIAN SIGN.



THE WAY SEEMS CLEAR UNTIL SUDDENLY HE SMELLS SMOKE. HE HAS STUMBLED ONTO A BLACKFEET CAMP.



HIS HEART POUNDING, HE COUCHES LOW AND TRIES TO PASS THE CAMP UNNOTICED. BUT A BARKING DOG GIVES HIM AWAY.



ALARMED, FIFTY PAINTED WARRIORS TAKE OUT AFTER VAN. MOUNTED ON FAST PONIES, THE BLACKFEET RACE ACROSS THE SNOW TO CUT HIM OFF AT A BEND IN THE RIVER.



FLURIED BY FEAR, VAN FAIRLY FLIES OVER THE ICE. A SHOT BRINGS OUT A BULLET SCREAMS ACROSS HIS PATH.



ANOTHER BULLET SPLATTERS THE ICE UNDER HIS FEET. HE DASHES MADLY FOR THE NEXT BEND OF THE RIVER, ROPING AGAINST ROPE TO FIND SAFETY THERE.



BLOOD THROBS IN HIS TEMPLES. HIS FACE WET WITH SWEAT, HE MAKES THE BEND IN THE RIVER.



ONLY TO FIND THE BLACKFEET THERE AHEAD OF HIM. SWEEPING SHARPLY TO STOP HIMSELF, HE DUNS HEADLONG INTO THE STEEP BANK. EVERYTHING GOES BLACK.



WHEN VAN AWAKENS, HE FINDS DISMOUNTED WARRIORS ALL AROUND HIM, FEARFULLY EXAMINING HIS SHAKY LIMBS. NO BLACKFEET HAS EVER BEFORE SEEN SUCH MAJESTY.



TOUGH, MARKED OLD CHEER STRODES FORWARD, HIS EYES FOCUSED RESOLUTELY, HE FIGHTS FOR VAN TO RESUME HIS SKATING... BUT WITHIN THE CIRCLE OF WARRIORS.



UNDERSTANDING WHAT HE MUST DO VAN SKATES AS HE HAS NEVER SKATED BEFORE. HE TWISTS AND THIRLS AND CUTS FIGURE EIGHTS.



PIERCEWINGS, AND ALL THE FANCY STUNTS AND FLOURISHES OF THE SKATER'S ART—EXCEPT ONE.



VAN GIVES A SIMPLE HANDSOME ICE HIS FINAL ICE IS A LONG CHANCE, BUT THE ONLY ONE HE HAS OF GETTING AWAY FROM THE BLACKFEET. THE WARRIORS SHRINK BACK IN FEAR AS



...VAN BEGINS TO SKATE BACKWARD. GAINING SPEED, HE SKATES BACKWARD RIGHT THROUGH THE SCATTERED RANKS OF THE BLACKFEET NO WARRIOR DARES STOP HIM NOW. STILL SKATING BACKWARD, HE SPEEDS HIS WAY TO SAFETY AND THEN CONTINUES HIS JOURNEY UPSTREAM. WITHOUT FURTHER TROUBLE WITH THE INDIANS, HE REACHES FORT BENSON AND THE HELP HE HAS WON WITH HIS SKILL.

THE PRONGHORN

racing riddle of the prairie

antilocapra
americana

THE PRONGHORN ANTELOPE, OR PRONGBUCK, OCCURS ONLY IN AMERICA. HE GOES BACK 2,000,000 YEARS TO THE TIME OF THE PREHISTORIC HORSE, CAMEL, AND ELEPHANT. HE HAS SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF GIRAFFE, GOAT, DEER, AND AFRICAN ANTELOPE, YET IS RELATED TO NO OTHER ANIMAL. ZOOLOGY HAS HAD TO ASSIGN HIM A PLACE ALL BY HIMSELF.



ALL ANIMALS BEARING ANTLEPS, SUCH AS DEER AND MOOSE, SHED THEM EACH YEAR.



ALL HORNED ANIMALS, SUCH AS BUFFALO, MOUNTAIN GOATS AND SHEEP, RETAIN THEIR HORNS, WHICH GROW LARGER EACH YEAR.



BUT NOT THE ANTELOPE! HE IS THE ONLY HORNED ANIMAL WHICH SHEDS ITS HORNS EACH YEAR, RETAINING ONLY THREE-INCH SPIKES, ON WHICH GROW NEXT YEAR'S HORNS. THEIR POSITION IS UNIQUE...THEY GROW DIRECTLY OVER THE EYES.



DEWHOOF



ALL ANIMALS WITH CLOVEN HOOFS HAVE, ABOVE EACH HOOF, A PAIR OF AUXILIARY HOOFS, CALLED "DEWHOOPS"

THE HORSE AND ALL HIS RELATIVES, HAVING SMOOTH HOOFS, HAVE SMOOTH ANKLES, OR PASTOCKS, WITHOUT "DEWHOOPS."

BUT NOT THE ANTELOPE! HIS FEET ARE AS ODD AS HIS HORNS. HE IS THE ONLY CLOVEN-HOOVED ANIMAL THAT HAS NO DEWHOOPS



AN AVERAGE BUCK STANDS 3 FEET AT THE SHOULDER AND WEIGHS 115 POUNDS. 75 YEARS AGO, THERE WERE 60,000,000 ANTELOPE ON OUR PLAINS AND DESERTS. BY 1920, THESE WERE REDUCED TO A FEW THOUSAND. TODAY, WISE CONSERVATION HAS INCREASED THEIR NUMBER TO 180,000.



THE ANTELOPE'S PECULIARITIES INCLUDE HIS HAIR, WHICH IS HOLLOW AND BRISTLE-LIKE STRAINS, AND FILLED WITH PITH, WHEN NERVOUS OR FRIGHTENED, THE GREAT PATCH OF WHITE ON HIS RUMP STANDS UP LIKE BRISTLE, FLASHING A WHITE WARNING SIGNAL, VISIBLE TO OTHER ANTELOPE FOR MILES.



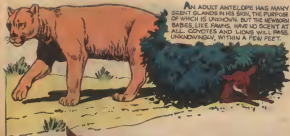
UNLIKE OTHER ANIMALS, THE ANTELOPE'S BOLD PATTERN IS DESIGNED TO BE SEEN, NOT HIDDEN. HE STANDS IN PLAIN SIGHT, SO THAT HIS ACTIONS MAY WARN OTHER ANTELOPE OF DANGER. HE DOES NOT CARE IF YOU SEE HIM... HE WILL ALWAYS SEE YOU FIRST, AND CAN OUTRUN YOU EASILY, ON THE ROLLING PLAINS AND FLAT DESERT WHICH HE PREFERS. NOTHING ESCAPES HIS TELESCOPIC VISION, UNEQUALLED IN ANY MAMMAL...



PERHAPS A GREYHOUND COULD OUTRUN HIM FOR A FEW YARDS, BUT NO OTHER AMERICAN ANIMAL CAN MATCH HIS BLAZING SPEED. EVEN CHEERUP, CLOCKED AT SIXTY MILES AN HOUR, HE CAN KEEP THAT PACE FOR TWENTY MILES!



EVEN HIS DIET IS PECULIAR. A GRASS FEEDER, HE OFTEN CHOOSER'S THE BUTTERFLY PARSY ... SAGEBRUSH, GREASWOOD AND CACTUS. HE WILL TRAVEL THIRTY MILES, DRINK TO WATER, OR SO TWO WEEKS WITH NONE AT ALL, SUBSISTING ON THE NIGHTMARE WISDOMS AND LEAVES.



AN ADULT ANTELOPE HAS MANY SCENT GLANDS IN HIS SKIN, THE PURPOSE OF WHICH IS UNKNOWN, BUT THE NEWBORN BABIES, LIKE Fawns, HAVE NO SCENT AT ALL. COYOTES AND LIONS WILL PASS, UNKNOWINGLY, WITHIN A FEW FEET.



DESPITE GREAT SPEED, MARVELLOUS VISION, AND A STRONG INSTINCT TO RUN FROM DANGER, ANTELOPE WILL FIGHT FIRMLY AND SUCCESSFULLY IN DEFENSE OF THEIR YOUNG.



THE ANTELOPE'S ONE WEAKNESS IS HIS BUMP OF CURIOSITY, STRONGER THAN HIS INSTINCT TO FLEE. INDIANS WOULD LURE THEM CLOSE BY HAVING A SKIN PROTRUDE FROM GRASS. ALARMED AND FEARFUL, THE ANTELOPE STILL COULD NOT RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO INVESTIGATE.



SOMETIMES ORPHANED YOUNG ANTELOPE ARE FOUND. THEY SHOW NO FEAR, AND MAKE AFFECTIONATE, INTELLIGENT PETS.

Johnny Mack Brown

THE TALKING ROPE

JOHNNY MACK BROWN RIDES INTO TOWN FROM HIS RANCH...

WONDER WHAT HAPPENED DAVE SINCE THOSE OTHER HORSEES ARE DOWN AT THE RAILROAD STATION THIS TIME OF DAY, REBEL? LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE!



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, DAVE?

OLD CHIEF SSKY SANK'S TRAILS CUT DOWN A BIG STRETCH OF TELEGRAPH WIRE AGAIN LAST NIGHT!



THEY STOLE ALL THE EXTRA WIRE OUT OF THE BURLY SINKS TOO...SO WE CAN'T REPAIR THE LINES!

I CAN'T SEND ANY TELEGRAMS TELL IT'S FIXED!



THIS IS SERIOUS JOHNNY! NUMBER 9, THE EASTBOUND TRAIN, IS DUE IN THREE HOURS! SHE'S CARRYING A BIG SHIPMENT OF GOLD TO THE GOVERNMENT MINT!

MY ORDERS WERE TO TELEGRAPH KANSAS CITY WHEN NUMBER 9 WENT THROUGH!



ARE YOU SURE THE HORSEES ARE THE THIEVES?

IT LOOKS THAT WAY! THEY'RE CRAZY ABOUT THE BURLY COPPER WIRE! THEY ATE IT AND MADE ORNAMENTS OF IT!



















The Flying A's **RANGE RIDER**

WHAT ARE YOU
STARING AT?

A COUPLE OF STRAY
HORSEMEN COMING
OUR WAY! I DON'T
LIKE THEIR LOOKS!



... OR THEIR ACTIONS! THEY
COULD BE TRAILING US!



LET'S FIND OUT!
HI-YA-AH!!



WHAT'S SAYING THOSE
TWO? THEY'RE
STREAKING OFF
LIES SCARED
BABBITS!

WAYBE THEIR
BUCKBOARD'S
OUT OF CONTROL!
LET'S GO!



THEY'RE COMING
AFTER US!

STRETCH, YOU LADY
CRITTERS!



SUDDENLY, THE SPEEDING BULLBOARD
SHEWES OFF THE MAIN TRAIL.



SPILLING ITS LOAD...



LOOKS LIKE WE CAUGHT THESE TWO
BUZZARDS DEAD TO RIGHTS, PAK!

SEARCH 'EM, STARK!



WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT?

PLAYING INNOCENT DOESN'T
FOOL PAK SHANLEY! YOU
WERE AFTER OUR SEP-
RENT OF NINE TOOLS! WE
WATCHED YOU FROM
THE EDGE!



THEY'RE NOT PACKING
ANY LAWMAN'S BADGES!

WHICH MAKES
THEM
RENEGADES!



WHAT'LL WE DO
WITH THEM?

THERE'S ONLY
ONE CURE FOR
RENEGADES!



AND ANOTHER FOR BUSHWHACKERS? LOOK OUT!

HEY!



HIT THE SADDLE, DICK!

PAK! THEY'RE
GETTING AWAY!



LET 'EM GO!

BUT THOSE SHOOTERS
ARE ON TO SOMETHING!



SO AM I! GET THIS CRATE UP TO
THE MINE! I'LL FOLLOW THAT
PAK AND TRY TO LEARN WHAT
THEY'RE UP TO!



MEANWHILE...

THOSE BIRDS SURE
PUT UP A FESS OVER
A FEW NINE TOOLS!

I'VE GOT A FEELING
THERE'S MORE
BEHIND THIS THAN
JUST NINE TOOLS!



WHAT'LL WE
DO ABOUT IT?

HEAD INTO LODGESTONE!
MAYBE WE CAN LEARN
SOMETHING AT THE
EXPRESS OFFICE!



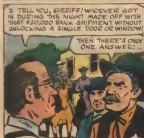
AND IN LODESTONE ...

SOMETHING'S GOING ON
AT THE EXPRESS OFFICE!



I TELL YOU, SHERIFF! WHOEVER GOT
IN DURING THE NIGHT MADE OFF WITH
THAT \$20,000 BANK SHIPMENT WITHOUT
UNLOCKING A SINGLE DOOR OR WINDOW!

THEN THERE'S ONLY
ONE ANSWER! ...



... A SNAKE OPERATOR
SLIPPED INTO THE
EXPRESS OFFICE DURING
BUSINESS HOURS AND
STOLE THAT STRONG BOX!

NOT WITHOUT ME
SEEING HIM!



THE ONLY THING THAT
LEFT HERE WAS A
CRATE OF MINE TOOLS,
CONSIGNMENT TO
PAZ SHANLEY!

THEN WE'RE
DEALING WITH
THE GHOST
RAIDERS!



THE SAME PUNCH
THAT MYSTERICIOUSLY
LOOTED THE STAGE
DEPOT LAST WEEK!

AND THE POST
OFFICE!



MAYBE YOU'D BETTER
PLANT AN ARMED
POSSE HERE TONIGHT,
SHERIFF!

WHAT FOR,
STRANGER?

A SHIPMENT OF GOLD BULLION MAY ARRIVE
TODAY, BOUND FOR THE STAMPING MILL!
MY JOB IS TO SEE THAT IT REACHES THERE!

WHAT MADE YOU
SAY THAT? WE'RE NOT
EXPECTING ANY GOLD
SHIPMENT!

NO, BUT UNLESS I MISS
MY GUESS, THAT NEWS
SHOULD REACH THE
EARS OF THE
"GHOST RAIDERS!"

IF THEY ATTEMPT TO
STEAL THAT SHIPMENT,
WE'LL BE READY
FOR THEM!

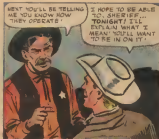
HOLD ON!
YOU TWO!

I CHECKED THROUGH
THE WAYBILLS IN THE
EXPRESS OFFICE JUST
THIS MORNING! THERE'S
NO RECORD OF ANY
INCOMING GOLD
SHIPMENT!

LET'S HOPE THE
"GHOST RAIDERS"
DON'T KNOW THAT!

WHAT DO YOU KNOW
ABOUT THE GHOST
RAIDERS?

I'M PRETTY
SURE I KNOW
WHO THEY ARE!



A FULL MOON RIDES HIGH OVER LODGESTONE'S DARK AND DESERTED STREETS.



...ITS GLOW REFLECTED INTO THE TOWN-LIKE, SILENT EXPRESS OFFICE.



FROM AMONG THE STACKED SHIPMENTS, A PACKING CRATE'S SIDE SLOWLY SWINGS OPEN LIKE A DOOR.

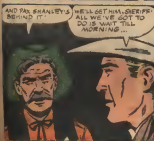
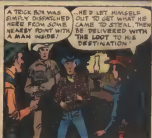


A SHADOWY FIGURE EMERGES ...



...AND GLIDES WITH STEALTHY SWIFTNESS TOWARD A SEALED STRONG BOX.





NEXT DAY... A BUCKBOARD CLATTERS
ALONG A BACK COUNTRY TRAIL.



...AND CLIMBS THE WINDING GRADE
TOWARD A REMOTE MINE WORKING
THE LAST CHANCE MINE!



I SEE YOU BOYS GOT
THE "SHIPMENT"
ALL RIGHT!
ANY NEWS?

YEAH!... THE "GHOST
RAIDERS" STRUCK AGAIN!
THEY LOOTED THE EXPRESS
OFFICE OF A SHIPMENT OF
GOLD BULLION! NOW ISN'T THAT
A SHAME? HA, HA!



IT CERTAINLY IS!
A CRYING SHAME!

WH-WHAT DOES
THIS MEAN?



YOU'RE FINISH, SHANLEY! YOU
WERE A LITTLE TOO ANXIOUS
TO PROTECT THAT SHIPMENT
OF "MINE TOOLS" YESTERDAY!
THAT'S WHAT TOLD ME YOU
WERE MIXED UP IN
SOMETHING!

DOES SOME-
THING TELL
YOU NOW YOU
GET OUT OF
HERE ALIVE?



THAT ATTEMPT WON'T
STOP ME!

RUSH HIM, MONK!



THAT WAS THE DANCE
RIDER'S SIGNAL!

LET'S GO!





ANSWERS TO COWBOY CROSSWORD

A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

DAD

(MOTHER, TOO)



National Rifle
Association
Endorse



Boy Scouts of America
Endorse

Free 32-PAGE GUN BOOK • 20-PAGE CLUB BROCHURE • CATALOG



MAIL COUPON NOW!

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Safety Training Dept. P-637
PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

Send Our Book, Club Brochure, Catalog postpaid,
My ☐ son or ☐ daughter asked me to read this ad.

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

☐ Also ☐ Witness. Write group name below
(if for any organization)

Read why DAISY is the RIGHT GUN

For EARLY TRAINING and FUN . . .

Since 1888 Daisy Air Rifles have used the same safer spring-type action—the safer short range—the safer low “factory limited” power. Today Daisys are approved for the marksmanship programs of National Rifle Association, the Boy Scouts of America. Today Daisys are used in schools, camps, air rifle clubs and homes to teach proper gun handling faster, more safely, more economically. Daisy is the accepted “first” gun.

Many Dads enjoy using the Daisy for inexpensive home target practice. Daisy shooting is also F-U-N for the whole family—from seven to seventy years old!

Buy your junior a Daisy and teach safety through skill. See Daisy Air Rifles on display today at your favorite hardware, sports goods or department store. Mail coupon now for instructive, free Daisy literature!

OTHER DAISY TRAINING ADVANTAGES

It's easy and fun to train juniors with a famous Daisy because: (1) the official NRA spring-type range is only 15 feet—shorter than your auto; a garage or 20' room will do; (2) store cartons filled up with old magazines makes safe backdrop; (3) a Daisy costs as little as \$5.95; (4) ammunition costs only 5¢ for about 125 shots.

GUN BOOK: Gun Section pictures America's most famous historical rifles and pistols each described by gun collector authority. Also explains how a Daisy works. Lists NRA Qualification Course for the gun, shows NRA BB gun models!

CLUB BROCHURE: Big 20-page Book tells how to organize, conduct a junior air rifle club; explains how parents, children, communities benefit from this popular new 15 foot spring-type air rifle marksmanship program. Write now!

IMPORTANT! Because Daisys are often confused with other type air rifles, we emphasize Daisy is NOT a high-power pneumatic, gas, pellet or compressed air gun. It cannot be “pumped up” to increase power. It has always been a spring-action, short range, low power, low priced BB gun—best for training boys and girls under through fourteen.

DAISY

TRAINING

AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

DEPT. P-637, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

SINCE 1888—MANUFACTURERS AND SUPPLIERS GUNS, EQUIPMENT

GOPHER GOLD STRIKE



The report came in! Two men, a short distance outside a western town, were panning gold—gold rumored to be paying twelve dollars a pan. Within minutes, eager citizens were swarming over the rich ground, staking claims.



The assay office was jamming with excited miners. The town was bustling again. It had in the glorious past of its first fabulous gold strikes.



The two rebels, goaded by the possibility of wealth, lacked greedily at the side. But as they hacked, two men stood nearby, watching with calm amusement.



They had good reason to be amused! That spring, they had buried a few bags of gold in their safekeeping, to find later that gophers had eaten the buckskin bags.



As they washed the dirt to retrieve their gold, a curious prospector spied them. Soon, a cry of "Gold!" brought hundreds to the shortest "gold strike" in history.

MAKES THE CASE, THE COON EXPLAINS--

--AND IF THE
FIRE GETS OVER
THE RIDGE, IT
COULD WIPE
OUT THE
WHOLE VALLEY!

SO ALL THE MEN
ARE ON THE RIDGE!
WELL, I GUESS WE
OUGHT TO GO UP
AND HELP THEM,
HUH, ZIG?



A LITTLE LATER, JUST OUTSIDE SANDHURST--

HEY, TREY!
I DON'T WANT TO
GO FIGHT ANY
FIRE!

NEITHER
DO I, ZIS!
BESIDES I'VE
GOT BETTER
IDEAS! FIRST
OF ALL--



-- WE DON'T WANT
ANYONE CALLING FOR
HELP! -- AND NOW,
LET'S GO FIND
THE REST OF
THE BOYS!



And
SHORTLY,
WHEN
THE GANG
APPROXIMATES

-- IT'S A CINCH,
ACE! THERE'S
NOT A MAN TO
INTERFERE, AND
I CUT THE
TELEGRAPH
WIRES!

THAT'S WHAT I
CALL A SMART
BROTHER! YOU
FELLOWS STICK
WITH US, OUTTERS
WERE GONE
PLACES! COME ON!



I DON'T LIKE THIS
PAUL! THEY WANT
TO GO BLAZIN' INTO
TOWN--NO HARKS--
NO NOTHIN'! THAT'S
ASKIN' FOR TROUBLE!

RIGHT!
LET'S SEE
WHAT WE
CAN DO ON
OUR OWN!



MEANTIME, BACK IN SANDHURST--

HELLO, ADDIE!
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE TAKING CARE
OF THE TELEGRAPH
OFFICE FOR BILL!

I WAS, BUT
THE LINE WENT
DEAD! THE
WIRE MUST
BE BOWNY

